

Frederick VII. was not to be shaken i

with his consort, visited the Southern

privilege as a man to marry the woman he loved best, and that, in the place which he stood, he looked upon his prospective wife as the only true friend he had in the world. The speech, repeated from mouth to mouth, created a profound sensation and gradually extinguished the ill-feeling against the Countess. At another place she was again censured for giving her too much the airs of a real Queen, but reproach was deemed venial, in view of what was generally acknowledged—she was indeed the devoted friend of her royal husband. She alone succeeded

chasing away the spirit of profound
section which settled upon the King in
latter years of his life, under the bur-
den of physical and mental sufferings,
as political cares. Frederick VII. was
enabled to become what even his per-
enemies do not dispute—the best man
Denmark has had these hundred years.

WALTZING.—The Atlantic Monthly
the following severe criticism on the al-
named peculiar amusement:

Waltzing is a profane and vicious dis-
always. When it is prosecuted in the

ter of a great crowd, in a dusty hall, warm and summer day, it is also a disingenuous dance. Night is its only appropriate time. The blinding, dazzling gas throws a grateful glare over the salacious points of its indecency, and blends the whole into a wild whirl that dizzies the senses; but the uncompromising daylight, pouring in through manifold windows, tears away every illusion, and unveils the whole coarseness and commonness of the thing. The dancer is a vulgar and all the repulsive details of this alien and unmanly revel. The noise of the dance is profanity.

Attitudes which are the instinctive expression of intimate emotions, glowing red in the auroral time of tenderness, unabashed freedom only by a long and full habitude of unselfish devotion, are openly, deliberately and carelessly assumed by the people who have but a casual partial society acquaintance. This is the profanity. This is levity the most culpable. This is a guilty and wanton waste of delicacy. That it is practiced by good, and tolerated by good mothers, does not prove that it is good. Custom blunts the edge of many perceptions. A good

There is another thing which girls
their mothers do not seem to consider,
present mode of dress renders waltzing
most as objectionable in a large room
the boldest feats of a French ball.
Not to put too fine a point on it, I
that these girls' girations, in the centre
their gyrating and centrifugal hoops, make
a most operative drapery display. I
scores and scores of public waltzing
last summer, and among them I saw

one who understood the art, or, at any rate, who practiced the art of avoiding an intense exposure. In the glare and glare of gas light it is only flash and clouds of indistinctness. In the broad and honest daylight it is not. Do I shock ears polite? I trust so. If the saying of shocking things might prevent the doing of shocking things I should be well content. And is it an pardonable thing for me to sit alone in my own room and write about what you go to a great hall, before hundreds of strange men and women, and do?

I do not speak thus about walking

cause I like to say it; but ye have comed me. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. I respect and re-
woman, and I cannot see her destroyin
debasin the impalpable fragrance and
leacy of her nature without feelin
shame and shudder in my own heart. G
is my boldness of speech toward you,
cause great is my glorying of you.
opinions may be rustic—they are at
honest; and may it not be that the first
pressions of an unprejudiced observ
as likely to be natural and correct view
those which are the result of many a

thoughts, long use, and an experienced
multifold fascinations, combined with
original producing cause? My opinion
may be wrong, but they can do no harm
the penalty will rest alone on me; while
they are right, they may serve as a na-
tural to be fastened by the masters of as-
saults.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.—A Frankfort paper
tells the following story of an ingenious
swindle, which occurred the other day
the metropolis of gambling, Hamburg.

A well-known German noble played a game of *carte* with a young Frenchman at a pleasant and charming, but not very pleasing address, and got up in the heat of fashion. The stakes were heavy, the Frenchman, who lost, handed over the winner 10,000*fr.* in French bank-notes. The Germanic Don put up the noble's note in his pocket-book, went back to the hotel, and, to the great surprise of his friends, a great spirit, and heartily enjoyed his dinner. As he was sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar afterwards, the waiter brought up to him another Frenchman, an elderly man of decidedly military appearance, who requested a private interview.

"Sir, I have called on you on a very pleasant business. You played a game cards this afternoon with my young friend X."

"Yes."

"You won 10,000?!"

"I did."

"I know it, he paid you in French money. Well, sir, I am very sorry to tell you those notes are forged. X's, friends, as you are aware, are in a high position have discovered their relative's going to prison. They have deputed me, as an old friend of his family, to hush the matter up."

are ten ink-notes for 1,000. Return those given you by my misguided friend." The unsuspecting German immediately handed him the notes he had received, accepted those tendered in exchange and was profuse in his acknowledgments to the elderly person, enjoining secrecy, before he left himself out. Our German returned to his rooms next day, and the first person he met was young X—, the forger. He called him dead. X— insisted on an explanation. After some difficulty the German related what had taken place. "Mon cher," claimed the Frenchman, "you have

W. A Boston undertaker recently, for some reason, made a disinterment of the body of a lady who had been buried

Chelsea cemetery for sixteen years, he found the body in a singular state of preservation. The head of the body nearly gone, but from the shoulders feet had not in the least moldered in the grave. The body was white and so marble.

SEN. Senator Hale, in speaking up in an effort by Congress to annihilate State lotteries, said the object would be more easily understood if it were put in this form :

And be it further enacted, That all instruments heretofore known as Constitutions be, and they are hereby, ished.

